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F.T. Ingram Arrested for Arson

Makes Signed Confession That He Burned Home to Get Insurance.

Waived Examination; Bound Over to Circuit Court.

Frank Truman Ingram is in jail charged with having burned his home on the night of May 16th to get insurance money. He waived examination Wednesday morning and is bound over to circuit court for trial. Justice Kraus placed his bonds at \$5,000 which he was unable to furnish, and is in jail awaiting trial, which will be July 13th.

Ingram's house burned on the night of May 16th at a time when he and his wife were supposed to be in Rose City. As there seemed to be no apparent cause for the fire, suspicions pointed at once toward incendiarism. Sheriff Jess Bobenmoyer was notified and he went to the scene of the fire and made most careful inspection of the premises. Also the American Insurance Co. of the Palmer agency and the Norwich Union of the Alexander agency, one of which carried insurance on the contents and the other on the building, were notified.

The matter was placed in the hands of the Department of Public Safety in Lansing and on Monday afternoon of this week one of their detectives, Mr. Herman W. Kays of Lansing, arrived upon the scene and, with the assistance of Sheriff Bobenmoyer, was able to find sufficient evidence for the arrest of Mr. Ingram.

About twenty affidavits were taken, some dwelling upon statements in reference to Mr. Ingram's general conduct, and general moral relations.

An affidavit was secured from Frank Bennett, an employee of the Kery & Hanson Flooring Co., saying that Ingram had attempted to bribe him some time last October to burn his home for the "some easy money" if he did so. He claimed that Ingram offered him \$150 if he would set fire to his house. He told him, he says, that he was talking to the wrong party. In about a week later he received the offer increasing the amount to \$200.00. Bennett says he again told him that he would have nothing to do with it. Ingram persisted and told him how easy it would be to do the job. He suggested that he place a lighted candle in a pile of excelsior in the closet underneath the stairs and when the candle had burned down to the excelsior that it would catch fire and burn the building. He further assured Bennett, said the latter, that in case the house burned there was no evidence of how it caught, and that he and his wife would go to Rose City that day to visit the latter's parents, and that Bennett should telephone him that his house was on fire and he would rush back "all excited."

And that in case it didn't make a complete job of burning and there was evidence that it had been set on fire, that the blame could be attached to Theodore Fitzpatrick and "Chub" Tiffin, two young lads whom he (Ingram) had had arrested last fall for appropriating his auto last summer for a joy ride and were convicted in circuit court. He said people would believe the boys had fired his house to get even with him for having them arrested.

Bennett again turned down the offer, whereupon, he said, Ingram cautioned him that he carried at all times a "loaded 48" in his car, and if he ever gave him away that he would fill him full of lead.

Bennett said further that, in case the Ingram house ever did burn that he did not want to see the two boys get the blame for it, so told Dolph Sancarrier, father-in-law of Tiffin, so he could be on his guard to protect the boys.

When the house burned it was plain to be seen that the fire started in the closet underneath the stairs, and there was no apparent cause for the fire. The electric wiring was examined and found to be in perfect condition; in fact the lights were turned on during the fire.

To make the evidence of incendiarism more complete, Sheriff Bobenmoyer and Detective Kays examined the ruins of the fire and found underneath the ruins a small bottle saturated in kerosene and also a wad of paper that had been smothered out by the falling debris. Mr. Kays says that the fire started in two distinct places, and his suspicions were substantiated when Ingram made his statement, saying that he had set the paper on fire, also the rug which had been saturated in oil.

Ingram says that he took his wife to Rose City that day and later, leaving her there, returned to Grayling and did the job, returning to Rose City.

Ingram was taken to the jail Tuesday night where he was questioned, he firmly denying that he was responsible for the fire. He was placed inside the jail corridors and the door leading to the jail office was left slightly open, and Mr. Bennett was called into the office to tell what he knew about the affair and he told the foregoing story, while Ingram was inside listening in. The evidence of Mr. Bennett was so strong against him that Ingram finally gave up, at about 11:00 o'clock Tuesday night, admitting his guilt. Whereupon Prosecuting Attorney Nellist was called and Ingram made a complete confession, which he signed under oath and which was witnessed by Sheriff Bobenmoyer, Deputy Phil Quigley and Detective Herman W. Kays.

The warrant charging Ingram with having burned his home was read to him Wednesday morning by Justice Kraus. Ingram was warned that any

thing he might have to say at that time could be held against him but he stated that the confession he had made was true and he had nothing more to say about it. Bail bonds were placed at \$5,000.00 which up to the present time, he has been unable to secure. In the meantime he will remain in jail to await the next session of circuit court, which will be July 13th.

Detective Kays states that he is positive that Mrs. Ingram had no hand in the matter. She is employed at the Grayling laundry and everyone seems to speak very highly of her. She has no sympathy of the public during this trial of experience.

Mr. Kays speaks in the highest terms of the assistance given him by Sheriff Bobenmoyer.

After the above article was in type and ready for press further developments occurred when Detective Kays and Sheriff Bobenmoyer returned from a trip to near West Branch, where they arrested Peter Simon Rohl, a brother of Mrs. Ingram, charging him with having been an accomplice of Ingram in setting fire to the Ingram home. Rohl admitted his guilt and said that he and Ingram planned several days before hand just how they were to do the firing and said that he did it and was to have been paid \$50 for doing so. He too, will be held for circuit court where, with the sworn statements in the hands of the prosecution, they very likely will plead guilty.

Mr. Rohl admitted that he had been convicted for crime three times before. The first time was for stealing farm tools, for which he was placed under parole for one year and paid \$1.00 per month.

The second time was for having liquor in his possession and paid \$50 fine and \$25 costs.

The third time was for manufacturing liquor for which he served five months in Ionia prison.

IGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB GIVES CLEVER OPERETTA

"Windmill of Holland," a clever operetta, was given Friday evening at the school auditorium by the members of the High School Glee Club, assisted by a few of the high school boys and high school orchestra. This beautiful little Dutch play was given under the able supervision of Miss Marion Salling, teacher of music in our public schools and was worthy of a much larger audience than greeted the cast on the curtain rise of the first act.

There are no costumes more picturesque than the dutch costumes, and as the frauleins and their beaus appeared on the stage, one could imagine themselves in the land of the wooden shoes.

Each part had been well assigned and splendidly trained so that the rendition was without flaw from curtain rise to final chorus. The selections given by the orchestra were also well received.

The cast of characters presented were as follows:

"Windmill of Holland"
Mynheer Hertogenbosch, Rich Holland Farmer—Albert Schroeder.
Urwa Hertogenbosch, his wife—Edna Leitch.

Wilhelmina and Hilda, their daughters—Beatrice Trudo and Genevieve Montour.
Bob Yankee, American salesman—Gertrude Loskos.
Hans, student of music, in love with Wilhelmina—Albert Trudo.

Tranz, rich farmer's son, in love with Hilda—George Schroeder.
Katrina, rich farmer's daughter—Violet Williams.

Scene in Holland
Bob Yankee tries to sell Hertogenbosch complete set of electric machinery for mills but the villagers' love for their mills keeps the old mills turning.

SOME PUSH, SOME RIDE AND—
The advertising booklet that was being gotten up by Grayling Chapter Izaak Walton League has been postponed indefinitely. This was necessary, said Mr. Zalsman, for the reason that some of the business places were not ready with their cuts for their advertisements, and others claim that it is too late for this season. But it is hoped that in another year Crawford county may get up something that will help to advertise itself. And also to provide folders that may be handed to tourists, telling them of the recreational resources that may be had in this region.

Crawford county has many things of interest for the tourist who will be glad to find out what it is and how to get there. It is up to us to let them know what we have, and a nicely gotten-up folder will serve this purpose well. They should be passed out to visitors whenever possible; and also many could be mailed out with letters.

Let's get in line for next year, and let the people know that we are on the map. Phil says there are some who are willing to help push things along, but some get on and ride while others won't even do that.

TWENTY TO BE GRADUATED

GRAYLING SCHOOLS TO CLOSE NEXT WEEK

Edwin L. Miller To Give Commencement Address

Twenty young ladies and gentlemen are to be graduated from Grayling schools next week, when school days will be over and life's work will begin.

Class Day Program

The Class Day program will be held on Thursday evening at the high school auditorium as usual, beginning at eight o'clock, and is as follows:

Sacaton Orchestra.
President's Address—Russell Robertson.
Salutatory—Bernice Corwin.
Piano Solo—Shirley McNeven.
Class Prophecy—Elizabeth Harder, Mary King, Philomena Krause.
Class Will—Gladys Chamberlain.
Song—Girls Glee Club.
Class Poem—Edna Leitch.
Class History—Albert Schroeder.
Solo—Miss Cottle.
Giftatory—Genevieve Montour and Matt Bidia.
Valedictory—Ruby Stephan.
Class Song (composed by Albert Trudo)—Class.
Selection—Orchestra.

Commencement Program
Selection—Orchestra.
Invocation—Father Culligan.
Quartette—Mrs. Jarmine, Miss Salling, Mrs. Clippert, Miss Cavanaugh.
Address—Edwin L. Miller.
Piano Duet—Shirley McNeven, Ruth McNeven.
Presentation of Diplomas—B. E. Smith.
Selection—Orchestra.
Benediction—Father Culligan.

Class Roll
Following is a list of those who are to receive diplomas:

Mary H. King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester King, Lewiston.
Genevieve Montour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Montour.
Lillian V. Jordan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jordan.
Edna E. Leitch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Leitch, Otsego county.

Bernice O. Corwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson O. Corwin.
Philomena F. Krause, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Krause.
Ernest L. Larson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Larson.

Carlyle A. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brown.
Ruby L. Stephan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Stephan.
Anna L. Swanson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Swanson.
Constance L. Meyers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Meyers.

Elizabeth Harder, daughter of Mr. Henry Jordan.
Albert A. Trudo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Trudo.
Rufus Edmonds, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Edmonds, Maple Forest.

Albert W. Schroeder, son of Mrs. Joseph McLeod.
Nels A. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Johnson.
Matt Bidia, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bidia.

Russell C. Robertson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Robertson.
Wayne G. Ewalt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ewalt.

Gladys V. Chamberlain, daughter of Mrs. Peter Larson.
Rachel C. Austin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Austin.

The class motto is: "Out of School Life into Life's School."

Class colors: Blue and gold.
Class flower: Yellow rose.

FREDERIC PUPILS GRADUATE

The following program was presented at the commencement exercises of the Frederic high school last week, the graduates being Edna Nelson and Kenneth Goshorn:

Invocation—Rev. Fred Crandell.
Music, Girls Quartette—Mrs. Lynn Garrett, Misses Esther Barber, Margaret Richards, Gladys Crandell, Miss Lola Craven at piano.

Salutatory—Miss Edna Nelson.
Spring Dance—Beatrice Richards, response to encore, very clever.
Valedictory—Kenneth Goshorn.
Instrumental—Lola Craven.

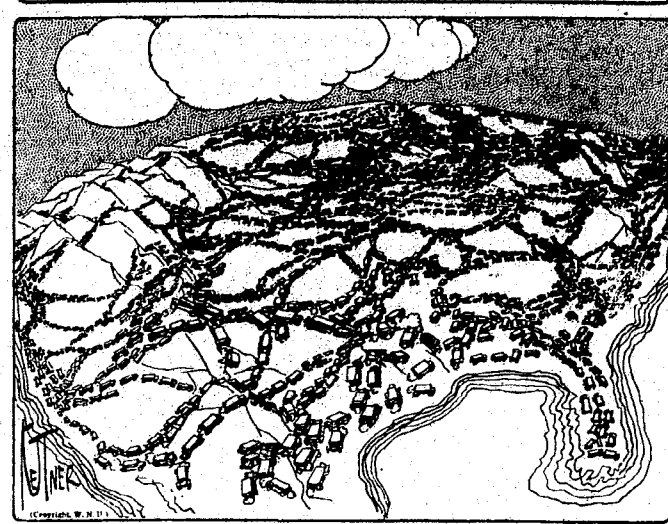
Address, "The Road to Success"—Prof. F. E. Robinson, Mt. Pleasant.
Presentation of Diplomas—Supt. J. W. Payne.

Supt. Payne reports that there was a very large attendance and the commencement address of Prof. F. E. Robinson of Mt. Pleasant was one of the best he had ever heard. The program itself was splendid.

First place in state fair contest was won by Karl W. Goshorn, Frederic; alternate, Ernst Corwin, S. Branch.

TOWNSHIP BOARD OF REVIEW MEETS JUNE 14-15
The annual meeting of the Board of Review of the township of Grayling will be held at the town hall in said township on Monday and Tuesday, June 14-15. The public is cordially invited to call and look over their assessments at this time. If anyone has any criticism to make, this is the time to do it. Don't wait until tax time to find fault, for then it is too late to make any changes. Do so at the Board meetings on the above dates.
A. J. NELSON,
Supervisor Grayling Twp. 5-20-4

June Bugs



YOUNG MAN DIES OF INJURIES

William Hemmingson Passes Away Year Following Accident

"He sleeps at last—a hero to his race. Dead!—and the night lies softly on his face. While the faint summer stars, like sentinels, Hover above his resting place."

After more than a year of intense suffering and pain, as the result of injuries received in an auto accident, William Hemmingson, more familiarly known to Grayling people as "Bill," passed quietly away at Grayling Mercy hospital, Friday night at 9:45 o'clock.

The accident occurred one year ago on Memorial day, when members of Grayling American Legion Post 106 were returning from Frederic, having held Memorial services there. "Bill" was driving his own car and with him were three of his comrades; however, they escaped with only minor injuries, but he was seriously hurt, and had been a patient at the hospital since that day, having suffered a broken back and other serious injuries. Local physicians did all in their power to aid him and he was examined by specialists in hopes that he might at least be able to get into a wheel chair, but medical skill was over-ruled in this instance, although Dr. C. R. Keyport performed a most remarkable operation a few days following the accident, which no doubt had much to do with prolonging the young man's life.

When the news of his death was learned many were glad to know that he at last was at rest after his long suffering, as the end had been looked for for many months. "Bill" was in the prime of life when stricken; being a carpenter by trade he had just started out on his own behalf and the future looked most bright. He was very ambitious, and no matter what he did he did it with all his might, whether it was work or play.

The members of his family were most loyal to him during his long illness, seeing that he had every comfort. He was a plucky lad and tried always to look on the bright side of life.

The young man was born in Grayling, November 25, 1896 and his entire life was spent in our midst except for the time he was in the service of his country.

During the World war he enlisted and was sent to Houghton, Mich., where he was a member of the Michigan College of Mines, following which he was transferred to Camp Jackson, South Carolina, where a month after the armistice was signed he was honorably discharged.

The funeral which was the largest that has been held in Grayling for

some time was held Tuesday afternoon with services at the Danish-Lutheran church, Rev. J. Herman Baughn of the Michelson Memorial church conducting the service in the absence of Rev. Kjolhede. A choir of Danish voices sang hymns, at the opening and closing of the service. It was a military funeral, the Grayling American Legion Post 106, of which the young man was a devoted member, conducting it. Comrades Dell Walt, Leo Jorgenson, Clarence Johnson, Wilfred Laurent, Adolph Peterson and Neil Matthews acted as pallbearers and a large number of ex-service men marched in the funeral cortege, the company being in charge of Sergeant William Laurent. It was a touching sight as it wound its way to the cemetery the procession being several blocks long. At Elmwood cemetery the young man was laid to rest beside the remains of his mother, who passed away when he was but an infant. Rev. Baughn offered prayer and in the distance taps were sounded by Bugler Russell Cripps, and another of our honored sons—veteran of the World war—was laid to rest.

During the funeral service the business places about town were closed one hour in respect to the young man and flags were placed at half-mast. It is a long time if ever, that we have seen as beautiful and as large a profusion of flowers as those that surrounded his casket. It bore mute testimony of the esteem in which he was held by his comrades and friends.

The surviving members of the family, the father, Chris Hemmingson, sisters, Miss Margaret and Mrs. Nellie Edwards and brothers Harry and Walter have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their sorrow.

Those from out of the city, who came to be in attendance at the funeral, were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hemmingson, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Hanson of Detroit and Fred Edwards of Flint.

PUPILS RECEIVING 8TH GRADE DIPLOMAS

The following pupils taking the 7th and 8th grade examinations last May 13 and 14 have successfully passed the tests and will receive diplomas and certificates:

8th Grade Diplomas
Beaver Creek
Andrew Krist, Rose Charley, John Canfield, Ralph Millikin.
Deward
George Lowe.

Frederic
Karl Goshorn, Gladys Crandell, Gertrude Lapham, Henrietta Munroe.

Grayling
Dorothy Hoelsi, Leona Markby, William Kolka, Grace Parker, Laura Sammons, Thelma Stoner, Charles Wylie, Leo Isenbauer, Donald Koivune, Louise LaVack, Gordon Pond, Julian Smith, Margaret Warren, Henry LaGrow.

Maple Forest
Dorothy Nelson, Helen Woodburn, Lottie Lovely.

South Branch
Ernst Corwin.

7th Grade Certificates
Deward
Pearl Finley, Arbutus Lowe, Lawrence Goodenough, Marie Ingalls.

Principal Events In Grayling 25 Years Ago

INTERESTING ITEMS OF NEWS GATHERED FROM THE FILES OF THE AVALANCHE OF 25 YEARS AGO.

Thursday, June 13, 1901
Judge Connine will deliver an address at Harrisville on the Fourth of July.

W. B. Covert captured a 30 pound turtle down the river one day last week.

Charles Cowell is home from the Ferris school for a little while, having finished another special course.

Axel Bekker came down from Johannesburg to spend Sunday with the family.

Comrades Pond, Smith and John F. Wilcox are attending the G. A. R. encampment at Flint.

Mrs. Chas. Eickhoff and Mrs. J. M. Jones are delegates to the W. R. C. encampment at Flint this week.

Samuel Hempstead and Miss Etta Coventry went to Tawas last week as delegates to the Epworth League convention.

It is reported that the frost of last Saturday night bit considerable vegetation in spots throughout the country.

Mrs. Benkelman and the children are visiting in Canada, where he will join them after a while, and all go to Buffalo together.

Mrs. Allie Manning came up from Osceola county to stay over Sunday with her daughter who attends school here.

Miss Frieda Niles has a letter from her mother in Arkansas, which indicates that they are suffering from frosts as much as we.

Pretty soon we shall once more have with us those brilliant bugs that "stumble through existence with their headlights on behind."

Mrs. Marius Hanson and the baby came up from Bay City last week for a little visit and to see if the bank was running all right.

Tomorrow is Flag day and will be observed throughout the state, in commemoration of the adoption of Old Glory, as the flag of the Union. Let the stars be floating everywhere.

Medames T. E. Douglas of Grayling and L. A. Davis of Lovells have been visiting at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Husted, —West Branch Times.

The following members of the

Ladies Circle, G. A. R., are in attendance at the encampment at Flint: Mesdames Smith, Forbes, McIntyre, J. F. Wilcox, Turner and Pond.

Mrs. R. S. Babbitt is making her annual visit with Archie and his family at their home in Williamsburg. Mrs. O. Palmer drove over from Kalkaska with her.

John L. Wild of Detroit, erstwhile proprietor of the Grayling House here and the most popular boniface, came up last week for a visit with old friends and a trip on the river after trout, being a guest of Judge J. C. Hanson. Mr. Wild is as quick and jolly as ever, though he celebrated his 70th birthday the 5th of last November, and his golden wedding on the sixth, on which day he voted the second time for McKinley, and sent the President his congratulations and their photo, for which he received a prompt and felicitous reply. John is all right.

N. P. Olson is treating his house to a coat of paint. S. Hempstead is building a nice picket fence around his new house on Cedar street. F. Barnard is building a good residence on Chestnut street. He broke ground last week Monday, and R. P. Forbes is doing the mechanical work. Miss L. E. Williams is building an addition to her residence and improving the premises. Joseph King is doubling the capacity of his residence.

Miss Etta Coventry will give a report of the Epworth League convention at East Tawas next Sunday evening.

The Board of Supervisors met Tuesday and yesterday made contracts for erection of Court House and jail and sheriff's residence. Messrs. Heurman & Tremp of Bay City were given the contract for the erection of the Court House, jail and sheriff's residence at \$16,099.40. The Eureka Heating and Ventilating Co. of Saginaw were given the contract for heating the same at \$1,500.00 and Brown & Co. of Saginaw do the plumbing for \$784.00. The iron work and cells were not contracted for, but bids were received for same ranging from \$800.00 to \$1,300.00. The total cost of the building will be about \$19,443.40.

here Sunday, there will be a red hot baseball game in the afternoon for your entertainment.

CONTRACT NOTICE

Sealed bids will be received at the office of George Burke in the village of Grayling, Michigan, up to 1:30 p. m., Standard Time, on Monday the 14th day of June, 1926, for the labor in construction of a shelter building at the tourist park in the village of Grayling.

All materials for the said construction will be furnished and bids will be accepted for the labor thereon only, said construction to be in accordance with the plans for same which may be seen at the place above mentioned. The successful bidder will be required to enter in contract conditioned for the faithful performance of the agreement providing further that said building shall be completed within ten days from date of acceptance of bid, and execution of contract.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

Dated June 9th, 1926.

By and under authority of the Village Council of the Village of Grayling.

FRANK SALES,
GEORGE BURKE,
GEORGE W. MCCULLOUGH,
Special Committee.

THE GIFT OF GIFTS

ON HER WEDDING DAY

"Among the world's most beautiful necklaces are those of La Tausca Pearls. These exquisite gems faithfully and lovingly reproduce the pearl's most subtle charm and priceless beauty."

LA TAUSCA PEARLS

Carl W. Peterson

Jeweler

HOME, DAD AND THE BOY

By FRANK H. CHELEY

Are You "Dad" or the "Old Man"?

THOUGHTFUL Fathers Do Not Compel the Respect of their boys, but rather strive to be eminently worthy of it. Consequently, it never occurs to such sons ever to think of their fathers as "the old man" or "the old gent."

Dads Win Because They Are Convinced Vital Character is as contagious as the measles and never lose an opportunity to "expose" the boys and themselves to it, and—

Because They Do Not Blame the Boys for every occasional falling in love with the girls. They did it themselves, and are convinced that comradeship with the right sort of girls is the greatest tonic in the world for right living, and—

Because They Believe that boys must actually both earn and spend money in order to learn practical thrift and so take pains to provide them with ample opportunity for both, not forgetting to have them give, too, and—

Because They Understand Perfectly that a broken will is a gentler misfortune than a crippled body to a boy; while a directed will is the greatest of boy possessions.

(© F. H. Cheley, Denver, Colo.)



Graduation!

YOU WILL FIND MANY NICE GIFTS FOR THE GRADUATE IN OUR STORE.

HERE ARE A FEW:

Sheaffer and Parker Fountain Pens.
Perfume and Toilet Sets.
Leather Goods and Vanity Cases.
Fine Stationery.
Whitman's and Lambert's Chocolates.

Drop in and look around.



Everything a Good Drug Store Should Have

No. 1

CENTRAL DRUG STORE
C. W. OLSEN PROP.
GRAYLING, MICH.

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

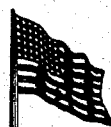
O. P. SCHUMANN, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50
Outside of Crawford County and Roscommon per year	\$2.50

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1926

DISPLAY OLD GLORY

One hundred and fifty years ago the flag of these United States of America was unfurled to the free winds of a new nation for the first time. Conceived in the spirit of liber-



ty and dedicated by the blood of our Constitutional forefathers it has stood since that time as the emblem of a new thought in the government of man. In the century and a half that has gone down the highways of time the world has witnessed many changes. Monarchies and oligarchies have crumbled beneath the march of time and republics have arisen to take their place in this onward sweep of progress.

Friday, June 14th, has been set

aside as Flag day, a custom young in years but significant of all the glorious years of our national existence. Let us especially this year make a wonderful display of Old Glory—let every highway and byway witness it floating proudly in the breeze; let the office and the forum, the workshop and the home be draped with its colors, for wherever men congregate it should be seen as the symbol of independence that is so dear to our American inheritance.

EXCEEDING THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT

There is no business or industry in the country which gives so unselfishly of its time and money in support of the government, as do the publishers. And there is no industry in the country which feels so heavily the hand of government competition as do the publishers. Under its plan of having return addresses printed on stamped envelopes, the government has built up a commercial printing business which excludes competition. On the same "theory," that the government can have return addresses printed on envelopes cheaper than it can be done by private firms, it might also furnish letterheads, billheads and other printing.

The printers and publishers do not object to the government selling stamped envelopes, as this is a function of government the same as the making of money. But they can see no reason for the government extending its activity into printing individual return addresses on such envelopes. This is an entirely separate opera-

tion, and a function which should be performed by local printing offices. The banks, the grocery stores, the department stores and manufacturing plants would object strenuously if the government attempted to produce or sell the particular commodities or services which they now render, and yet they see nothing wrong in the government invading the field of the printing industry.

RADIO, THE WORLD ENLIGHTENER

Radio is bringing the nations of the world into closer contact through international tests and quick transmission of news items. World's leading manufacturers of radio equipment at annual convention at Atlantic City predicted that radio will bring to listeners not only the sounds of music and spoken words, but will eventually bring television showing the actual performances of actors thousands of miles away.

They declared radio sets will be vastly simplified, made more compact and staple; and voiced the need of adequate radio legislation, which while encouraging the industry, would assure the public the best possible service.

SOUND ADVICE FROM PRESIDENT

Speaking at the sesquicentennial of the Virginia colonial resolution for American freedom, President Coolidge recently gave an impressive address on the functions of the state. He urged the people to make their local government and business units so sane and strong that there could be neither need nor excuse for federal interference. He said that no plan of centralization ever has been adopted that did not result in bureaucracy, inefficiency and inflexibility.

ECONOMY IN TAXATION

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is to be congratulated on the proposed plan to further a campaign to promote economy and efficiency in state and local governments, where taxes have been increasing. The last convention of the National Founders Association in November started a campaign for such reduced taxation in the states, and excellent work is being done by the various state units organized at that time. There should be cordial co-operation between the national associations and all other organizations working toward this worthy end. The problem of economy in state and municipal expenditures is one of supreme importance. Unless there is a check to the extravagance found in many states we shall be piling up a burden of taxation locally which will be harmful to business by bringing distress to individual taxpayers.

RADICAL LABOR DEMANDS

Certain of the building trades unions have recently put forth a demand for a five day working week and this has been accompanied in many quarters by a demand for an increase in wages. To create a shortage of labor by such methods, when at the present time the building trades industry is undermanned, is bound to result in throwing the entire economic system of the country out of alignment. Skilled labor in the building trades, it is pointed out by the United States Department of Labor is now being paid 133 per cent over what it was in 1913, and is the only industry in which no deflation has taken place. Even unskilled labor for that class of work is better paid than the average skilled factory worker. Unless this demand for higher wages and shorter working weeks is promptly curbed there is grave danger of forcing production costs so high that the present building boom will collapse. In that event the prosperity of the building trades workers will collapse also.

IS THE MEDICINE WRONG?

One reason Congress cannot get together on any remedial farm legislation, is given by a Kansas statesman. He says the need of such new laws is non-existent in his state. The farmers generally work short hours, have bathtubs, two suits of clothes, a good car, and after the day's work they have the price and the desire to scoot off to a movie, a jazz band, or whatever strikes their fancy—they've already earned their money, and they know how to enjoy it. The inference is, that relief bills are largely political appeals for the "lame-duck" agitators who hope to break back into power through championship of what they believe is a popular measure, but not knowing the real facts, of course, their diagnosis and their medicine are wrong.

ROOTING OUT THE NEEDLESS

Gentlemen with soft hands and well fed bodies, who for a number of years have been filling comfortable government positions in Washington, are beginning to complain that the Coolidge governmental economy system has gone too far, and that it is a half way called. Their outcry is becoming louder and more insistent as they see their comrades rooted off the payroll, and as they personally begin to sense the probability that the time is not far distant when they will also be separated. So, to forestall this catastrophe, they have begun to argue that the axe and knife have been used enough, that the Coolidge hand should be stayed. Others attempt to argue that all the reforms possible have been accomplished.

It is just as well to scotch this at the source. Great and important re-entrenchments have been made in government expenses, but government today is still costing too much. This is not the time to halt. Not only must the Coolidge program of the elimination of useless expenditures be continued, but state and municipal governments should follow suit. Government of all kinds in the year 1924 cost the people of the country almost eight billions of dollars, close on twelve per cent of the total income of the people of the nation. This means that the people of the nation out of the 313 working days of the year spent 46 days working to meet the expenses of government in taxes. Mr. Average Citizen, these are facts worth bearing in mind when the cry is raised that a halt should be called on the program of thrift and economy in governmental expenditures.

ADJOURNMENT UNCERTAIN

Congress may "blow" in a week, as they say in whaling parlance, or it may last a month and then a day. All guesses have been thrown in the air. The French debt settlement has passed the House by a two-to-one vote, but the solons in the Senate say they will require weeks for its disposal. Part of this delay is justified. It is felt that accepting the terms in advance of the French parliament accepting them, would put the United States in an embarrassing position, and in the French Parliament it must be admitted there is chiefly evident now a disposition to delay. Farm legislation also may consume days or weeks, and no one feels confident to predict what will really come out of it. For the once at least there appears to be a unity of purpose on the part of the people and the members of Congress. The country at large feels Congress should get through and the sooner the better, and the congressmen for their part want to get through in order to get home to fix their fences.

ROBBING AN INSURANCE COMPANY CHEATS PUBLIC

When the complaint is raised that insurance companies sometimes seek to minimize or avoid payment of policies, one needs to remember that there are thousands of fraudulent representations made by policyholders annually. The arson ring of America has been a costly and personal damage fakirs, the juggling of insurance facts to cover blame and make some one else pay for it, make a sorry page of human history. No company can pay without fair questioning any claims for damages. To pay when responsibility is not shown, is to rob other policyholders, for rates are dependent on operation costs.

Thomas O. Marvin



Thomas O. Marvin, chairman of the United States tariff commission, which is to be investigated by a special senate committee.

White Sox Going Well



The Chicago White Sox got off to a good start in the American league, winning most of the opening games and it looks as if they might stick around on top. Among the new players is Harry McCurdy, former University of Illinois catcher, shown in the photograph.

No Poor Among Parasites

The Parasites are the most prosperous set of the eastern world and there are no paupers among them. It would be a disgrace to refuse to assist a fellow of his creed in distress. The Parasites, it is said, have worked out, to the astonishment of the western world, an ideal existence—Adventure Magazine.

Classified Ads

FOR SALE—DAVENPORT. Buffet, dining table and other articles of household furniture. Must be sold before June 18. Phone 1244. Mrs. Wm. Kuster.

FOR SALE—WATER POWER washing machine in good condition, very cheap. Also writing desk. Inquire at Avalanche office.

FOR SALE—COOK STOVE. MRS. L. Herrick, phone 804.

GARAGE FOR RENT—INQUIRE OF Russell Cripps.

STRAYED—TO MY PLACE Friday night, a Scotch Collie, female, mostly yellow with legs white, white ring around neck, white spot on nose and white strip between eyes on forehead. Owner may have same by paying for this ad. and for the dog's keep. N. M. James.

FOR SALE—SIX ROOM HOUSE, equipped with pump and drain, nice location. Reasonable terms. Inquire of O. P. Schumann.

FOR SALE—CHILD'S WHITE Iron bed with felt mattress. Inquire at R. D. Bailey's.

FOR RENT—3 HOUSES. TWO ON South side, one on Spruce st. Inquire of Mary A. Turner.

LOST—YELLOW AND WHITE puppy, answers to the name of Trixy. Notify Thos. Galloway.

HOUSE FOR SALE. CHEAP—FOR cash or on easy terms. Located on trunk line. Frank Karnes. Inquire of George Miller, phone 832.

LOST—PURSE CONTAINING SUM of money; Shrine, Consistory, Elk and Isaac Walton League membership cards; lady's small diamond ring, set in platinum, and important papers. Anyone finding same, please return to Avalanche office, Grayling, or Mrs. T. E. Douglas, Lovells, and receive \$50.00 reward. No questions asked. tf.

WELL DRILLING—CALL ON ME for first-class well drilling and pump repairing. Galvanized steel lawn swings, with roller bearings. Truck transport. Aug. Funck, R. 1. Box 170, Roscommon, Mich. 6-3-4

FOR SALE—KITCHEN RANGE, refrigerator, almost new, and other articles of household furniture. Inquire of Mrs. H. Bissette.

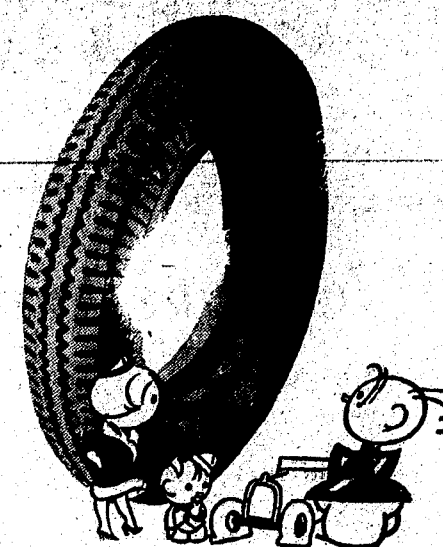
FOR SALE—BY OWNER 20 ACRES located N½ of the SE¼ of the NW¼ of Sec. 18, Township 26 North Range 3 West. Make offer in first letter. Address: L. Pangburn, 2129 Sedgwick St., Chicago, Ill. 6-20-4

HOUSE FOR RENT—INQUIRE OF Margaret Jensen.

HOUSE FOR SALE CHEAP—A 5-room house with electric lights, garage, woodshed and coal bin. Inquire of Fred Hanson. 6-27-3

CAMP TENT FOR SALE—GOOD as new. Inquire at Avalanche office.

FOR SALE—BUSINESS BLOCK on Main street. Easy terms. Inquire at Avalanche office. tf.



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Pitcher Is Veteran



Ray Kremer, star Pittsburgh pitcher, put in eleven seasons in the minors

before getting his major league chance. He was twenty-eight years old when he "came up"—a veteran in a baseball sense.

In his first year with the Pirates, Kremer won 18 games and lost ten. Strangely enough, that was the best bit of pitching he had done in his professional career up to that time.

Log Famous for Cutlery

From very early times Hallamshire, the old name for the country around Sheffield, England, was renowned for its cutlery. The poet Chaucer, who lived in the latter part of the Fourteenth century, speaks of these products. Richard Mathews, on the Fleet bridge, was the first Englishman to make fine knives, in 1563.

When Pleasure Palls

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it.—Steele.



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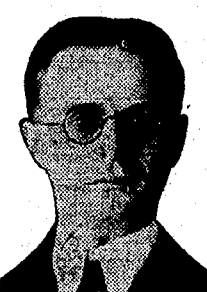
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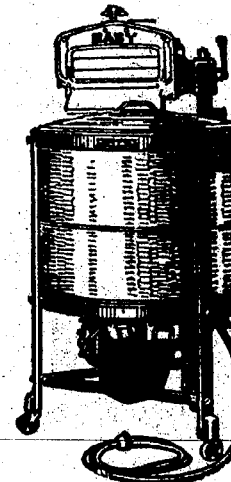
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AREE IN OF KAZAN

by
JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD.

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Part wolf, part dog—when two months old Barea has his first meeting with an enemy. Peppy-chaw (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a swollen creek.

CHAPTER II.—Badly buffeted, and half drowned, Barea is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry. For many days his life is one of fear and distress. He finally wanders into the trapping grounds of a halfbreed, Pierrot Du Quenne, and his daughter, Nepeese the Willow. Taking Barea for a wolf, Nepeese shoots and wounds him, but he escapes.

CHAPTER III.—The wolf blood in Barea becomes apparent. He rapidly learns Nature's secrets, though he finds no comrades and is desperately lonely.

CHAPTER IV.—Following Wakayoo, the black bear, Barea subsists royally on the catches of fish the big yellow leaves. He comes again into Pierrot's trapping domain, and this time he kills Nepeese. Nepeese, insisting Barea is dog, not wolf, tries to capture him. Barea is strongly tempted to the gun, but cannot entirely overcome his dread of man.

CHAPTER V.—Barea makes friends with a colony of beavers, losing much of his sense of loneliness.

CHAPTER VI.—Bush McGartgart, factor at Lac Bain, Hudson's Bay company's post, man of evil life, has long coveted Nepeese, even to the extent of offering marriage, but makes no progress with his suit. On his way to Pierrot and Nepeese McGartgart takes Barea in a trap, and in a struggle is bitten. With the dog he comes to Pierrot's cabin.

CHAPTER VII.—Nepeese claims Barea as hers, bathing the wounds inflicted by McGartgart after the dog had bitten her. Then, promising to give him a definite answer to his love-making, Nepeese lures McGartgart to the edge of a deep pool and humiliates him by plunging him into the water, at the same time taunting him for presuming to address her. Blood poisoning developing from Barea's bite, McGartgart and Pierrot hasten to Lac Bain to secure medical treatment.

CHAPTER VIII.—Nepeese has spent three winters at a mission, where she has learned to read and sew. On her seventeenth birthday she fashions a costume which properly sets forth her really great beauty.

CHAPTER IX.—Barea hears the Call of the Wild, and his wolf blood responds. He leaves Nepeese to find a mate and hunt with the pack. Disappointed in the escape of a caribou they had been chasing in the expectation of a feast, the wolves turn on Barea. He escapes, though badly hurt, and with the Wild Call definitely extinguished.

"It is Mee-Koo!" he said in a whisper to Nepeese.

That was it, the call of the blood that was running swift in Barea's veins—not alone the call of his species, but the call of Kazan and Gray Wolf and of his forebears for generations unnumbered. It was the voice of his people. So Pierrot had whispered and he was right. In the golden night the Willow was waiting, for it was she who had gambled most, and it was she who must lose or win. She watched Barea as he slowly faded away, step by step, in the shadows. In a few moments more he was gone. It was then that she stood straight and flung back her head, with eyes that glowed in rivalry with the stars. "Barea!" she called. "Barea! Barea!"

He must have been near the edge of the forest, for she had drawn a slow waiting breath or two before he was back at her side. But he had come straight as an arrow, and he whined up into her face. Nepeese put her hands to his head.

"You are right, mon pere," she said. "He will go to the wolves, but he will come back. He will never leave me for long." With one hand still on Barea's head, she pointed with the other into the pitlike blackness of the forest. "Go to them, Barea!" she whispered. "But you must come back. You must Cheamoo!"

With Pierrot she went into the cabin; the door closed behind them, and Barea was alone. A choking gathered in his throat. He threw up his head. Straight above him was the Red Moon, inviting him to the thrill and mystery of the open world. The sound grew in his throat, and slowly it rose in volume until his answer was rising to the stars. In their cabin Pierrot and the Willow heard it. Pierrot shrugged his shoulders.

"He is gone," he said.

"Out, he is gone, mon pere," replied Nepeese, peering through the window.

No longer, as in the days of old, did the darkness of the forests hold a fear for Barea. This night his hunt-year had risen to the stars and the moon, and in that cry he had for the first time sent forth his defiance of night and space, his warning to all the wild, and his acceptance of the Brotherhood. In that cry, and the answers that came back to him, he sensed new power—the final triumph of nature in impinging on him the fact that the forests and the creatures they held were no longer to be feared, but that all things feared him. Off there, beyond the pale of the cabin and the influence of Nepeese, were all the things that the wolf-blood in him found most desirable: companionship of his kind, the lure of adventure, the red, sweet blood of the chase—and matehood. This last, after all, was the dominant mystery that was urging him, and yet least of all did he understand it.

He ran straight into the darkness to the north and west, sinking low under the bushes, his tail drooping, his ears alert—the wolf as the wolf runs on the night trail. The pack had swung due north, and was traveling faster than he, so that at the end of half an hour he could no longer hear it. But the lone wolf-howl to the west was nearer, and three times Barea gave answer to it.

At the end of an hour he heard the pack again, swinging southward. Pier-

rot would easily have understood. Their quarry had found safety beyond water, or in a lake, and the muhekuks were on a fresh trail. By this time not more than a quarter of a mile of the forest separated Barea from the lone wolf, but the lone wolf was also an old wolf, and with the directness and precision of long experience, he swerved in the direction of the hunters, compassing his trail so that he was leading for a point half or three-quarters of a mile in advance of the pack.

This was a trick of the brotherhood which Barea had yet to learn; and the result of his ignorance, and lack of skill, was that twice within the next half-hour he found himself near the pack without being able to join it. Then came a long and final silence. The pack had pulled down its kill, and in their feasting they made no sound.

The rest of the night Barea wandered alone, or at least until the moon was well on the wane. He was a long way from the cabin, and his trail had been an uncertain and twisting one, but he was no longer possessed with the discomforting sensation of being lost. The last two or three months had been developing strongly in him the sense of orientation, that "sixth sense" which guides the pigeon unerringly on its way and takes a bear straight as a bird might fly to its last year's denning place.

Barea had not forgotten Nepeese. A dozen times he turned his head back and whined, and always he picked out accurately the direction in which the



With Her Head Toward Him Stood Mahegun, the Young Wolf.

cabin lay. But he did not turn back. As the night lengthened, his search for that mysterious something which he had not found continued. His hunger, even with the fading-out of the moon and the coming of the gray dawn, was not sufficiently keen to make him hunt for food.

It was cold, and it seemed colder when the glow of the moon and stars died out. Under his padded feet, especially in the open spaces, was a thick white frost in which he left clearly at times the imprint of his toes and claws. He had traveled steadily for hours, a great many miles in all, and he was tired when the first light of the day came. And then there came the time when, with a sudden sharp click of his jaws, he stopped like a shot in his tracks.

At last it had come—the meeting with that for which he had been seeking. With her head toward him, and waiting for him as he came out of the shadows, she stood strong in her keen nose, stood Mahegun, the young wolf. Barea had not smelled her, but he saw her directly he came out of the rim of young balsam that fringed the open. It was then that he stopped, and for a full minute neither of them moved a muscle or seemed to breathe.

There was not a fortnight's difference in their age, and yet Mahegun was much the smaller of the two; her body was as long, but she was slimmer; she stood on slender legs that were almost like the legs of a fox, and the curve of her back was that of a slightly bent bow, a sign of swiftness almost equal to the wind. She stood poised for flight even as Barea advanced his first step toward her, and then very slowly her body relaxed, and in a direct ratio as he drew nearer her ears lost their alertness and dropped aslant.

Barea whined. His ears were up, his head alert, his tail aloft and bushy. Cleverness, if not strategy, had already become a part of his masculine superiority, and he did not immediately press the affair. He was within five feet of Mahegun when he casually turned away from her and faced the east, where a faint penciling of red and gold was heralding the day. For a few moments he sniffed and looked around and pointed the wind with much seriousness, as though impressing on his fair acquaintance—as many a two-legged animal has done before him—his tremendous importance in the world at large.

And Mahegun was properly im-

pressed. Barea's bluff worked as beautifully as the bluff of the two-legged animals.

He sniffed the air with such thrilling and suspicious zeal that Mahegun's ears sprang alert, and she sniffed it with him; he turned his head from point to point so sharply and alertly that her feminine curiosity, if not anxiety, made her turn her own head in questioning conjunction.

And when Barea whined as though in the air he had caught a mystery which she could not possibly understand, a responsive note gathered in her throat, but smothered and low as a woman's exclamation when she is not quite sure whether she should interrupt her lord or not. At this sound, which Barea's sharp ears caught, he swung up to her with a light and mincing step, and in another moment they were smelling noses.

When the sun rose, half an hour later, it found them still in the small open on the side of the ridge, with a deep fringe of forest under them, and beyond that a wide, timbered plain which looked like a ghostly shroud in its mantle of frost. Up over this came the first red glow of the day, filling the open with a warmth that grew more and more comfortable as the sun crept higher.

Neither Barea nor Mahegun were inclined to move for a while, and for an hour or two they lay basking in a cup of the slope, looking down with questioning and wide-awake eyes upon the wooded plain that stretched away under them like a great sea.

Mahegun, too, had sought the hunt-pack, and like Barea had failed to catch it. They were tired, a little discouraged for the time, and hungry—but still alive with the fine thrill of anticipation, and restlessly sensitive to the new and mysterious consciousness of companionship. Half a dozen times Barea got up and nosed about Mahegun as she lay in the sun, whining to her softly and touching her soft coat with his muzzle, but for a long time she paid little attention to him. At last she followed him. All that day they wandered and rested together. Once more the night came.

It was without moon or stars. The snow began to fall at dusk, thickly, heavily, without a breath of sound. It was not cold, but it was still—so still that Barea and Mahegun traveled only a few yards at a time, and then stopped to listen. In this way all the night-providers of the forest were traveling, if they were moving at all. It was the first of the Big Snow.

To the flesh-eating wild things of the forests, clawed and winged, the Big Snow was the beginning of the winter carnival of slaughter and feasting, of wild adventure in the long nights, of merciless warfare on the frozen trails.

The days of breeding, of motherhood—the peace of spring and summer—were over; out of the sky came the wakening of the Northland, the call of all flesh-eating creatures to the long hunt, and in the first thrill of it living things were moving but little this night, and that watchfully and with suspicion.

Barea and Mahegun felt the exciting pulse of a new life. It lured them on. It invited them to adventure into the white mystery of the silent storm; and inspired by that restlessness of youth and its desires, they went on.

The snow grew deeper under their feet. In the open spaces they waded through it to their knees, and it continued to fall in a vast white cloud that descended steadily out of the sky. It was near midnight when it stopped. The clouds drifted away from under the stars and the moon, and for a long time Barea and Mahegun stood without moving, looking down from the bald crest of a ridge upon a wonderful never.

Never had they seen so far, except in the light of day. Under them was a plain. They could see its forests, lone trees that stood up like shadows out of the snow, a stream—still unfrozen—shimmering like glass with the flicker of firelight on it. Toward this stream Barea led the way. He no longer thought of Nepeese, and he whined with pent-up happiness as he stopped halfway down and turned to muzzle Mahegun. He wanted to roll in the snow and frisk about with his companion; he wanted to bark, to put up his head and howl as he had howled at the Red Moon back at the cabin.

Something held him from doing these things. Perhaps it was Mahegun's demeanor. She accepted his attentions rigidly. Once or twice she had seemed almost frightened; twice Barea had heard the sharp clicking of her teeth. The previous night, and all through tonight's storm, their companionship had grown more intimate, but now there was taking its place a mysterious aloofness on the part of Mahegun. Pierrot could have explained. With the white snow under and about him, and the luminous moon and stars above him, Barea, like the night, had undergone a transformation which even the sunlight of day had not made in him before. His coat was like polished steel. Every hair in his body glinted black. Black! That was it. And Nature was trying to tell Mahegun that of all the creatures hated by her kind, the creature which they feared and hated most was black. With her it was not experience, but instinct—telling her of the age-old feud between the gray wolf and the black bear. Until they struck the broad openings of the plain, the young she-wolf had followed Barea without hesitation; now there was a gathering strangeness and indecision in her manner, and twice she stopped and would have let Barea go on without her.

An hour after they entered the plain there came suddenly out of the west the tongue of the wolf-pack. It was not far distant, probably not more than a mile along the foot of the ridge, and the sharp, quick yapping that followed the first outburst was evidence that the long-ranged hunters had put up sudden game, a caribou or young moose, and were close at its heels. At the voice of her own people Mahegun laid her ears close to her head and was off like an arrow from a bow.

The unexpectedness of her movement and the swiftness of her flight put Barea well behind her in the race

for the plain. She was running blindly, favored by luck. For an interval of perhaps five minutes the pack were so near to their game that they made no sound, and the chase swung full into the face of Mahegun and Barea. The latter was not half a dozen lengths behind the young wolf when a crashing in the brush directly ahead stopped them so sharply that they tore up the snow with their brood forefeet and squat haunches. Ten seconds later, a caribou burst through and flashed across an open not more than twenty yards from where they stood. They could hear its swift panting as it disappeared. And then came the pack.

At sight of those swiftly moving gray bodies Barea's heart leaped for an instant into his throat. He forgot Mahegun, and that she had run away from him. The moon and the stars went out of existence for him. He no longer sensed the chill of the snow under his feet. He was wolf—all wolf. With the warm scent of the caribou in his nostrils, and the passion to kill sweeping through him like fire, he darted after the pack.

Very soon he found himself close to the flanks of one of the gray monsters of the pack; half a minute later a new hunter swept in from the bush behind him, and then a second, and after that a third. It was as if Barea had belonged to the pack always. He had joined it naturally, an other stray wolf; there had been no ostentation, no welcome such as Mahegun had given him in the open, no hostility. He belonged with these slim, swift-footed outlaws of the old forests, and his own jaws snapped and his blood ran hot as the smell of the caribou grew heavier, and the sound of its crashing body nearer.

It seemed to him they were almost at its heel when they swept into an open plain, a stretch of barren with-out a tree or a shrub, brilliant in the light of the stars and moon. Across its unbroken carpet of snow sped the caribou a spare hundred yards ahead of the pack. Now the two leading hunters no longer followed directly in the trail, but shot out at an angle, one to the right and the other to the left of the pursued, and like well-trained soldiers the pack split in halves and spread out fan-shape to the final charge.

The two ends of the fan forged ahead and closed in, until the leaders were running almost abreast of the caribou, with fifty or sixty feet separating them from the pursued. Thus, adroitly and swiftly, with deadly precision, the pack had formed a horse-shoe cordon of fangs from which there was but one course of flight—straight ahead. For the caribou to swerve half a degree to the right or left meant death.

It was the duty of the leaders to draw in the ends of the horse-shoe now, until one or both of them could make the fatal lunge for the hamstring. After that it would be a simple matter. The pack would close in over the caribou like an inundation.

Barea had found his place in the lower rim of the horse-shoe, so that he was fairly well in the rear when the climax came. The plain made a sudden dip. Straight ahead was the gleam of water—water shimmering softly in the starlight, and the sight of it sent a final great spurt of blood through the caribou's bursting heart. Forty seconds would tell the story—forty seconds of a last spurt for life, of a final tremendous effort to escape death. Barea felt the sudden thrill of these moments, and he forged ahead with the others in that lower rim of the horse-shoe as one of the leading wolves made a lunge for the young bull's hamstring. It was a clean miss. A second wolf darted in. And this one also missed.

There was no time for others to take their place. From the broken end of the horse-shoe Barea heard the caribou's heavy plunge into water. When Barea joined the pack, a maddened, mouth-frothing, snarling horde, Barea, the young bull, was well out in the river and swimming steadily for the opposite shore.

It was then that Barea found himself at the side of Mahegun. She was panting; her red tongue hung from her open jaws; but at his presence she brought her fangs together with a snap and slunk from him into the heart of the wind-rup and disappointed pack. The wolves were in an ugly temper, but Barea did not sense the fact. Nepeese had trained him to take to water like an otter, and he did not understand why this narrow river should stop them as it had. He ran down to the water and stood belly deep in it, facing for an instant the horde of savage beasts above him, wondering why they did not follow. And he was black-black! He came among them again, and for the first time they noticed him.

The restless movements of the waters ceased now. A new and wonderful interest held them rigid. Fangs closed sharply. A little in the open Barea saw Mahegun, with a big gray wolf standing near her. He went to her again, and this time she remained with flattened ears until he was sniffing her neck. And then, with a vicious snarl, she snapped at him. Her teeth sank deep in the soft flesh of his shoulder, and at the unexpectedness and pain of her attack, he let out a yelp. The next instant the big gray wolf was at him.

Again caught unexpectedly, Barea went down with the wolf's fangs at his throat. But in him was the blood of Kazan, the flesh and bone and sinew of Kazan, and for the first time in his life he fought as Kazan fought on that terrible day at the top of the Sun rock. He was young, he had yet to learn the cleverness and the strategy of the veteran; but his jaws were like the iron clamps with which Pierrot set his bear traps, and in his heart was sudden and blinding rage, a desire to kill that rose above all sense of pain or fear.

That fight, if it had been fair, would have been a victory for Barea, even in his youth and inexperience. In fairness the pack should have waited; it was a law of the pack to wait—until one was done for. But Barea was black; he was a stranger, an interloper; a creature whom they noticed now in a moment when their blood was hot with the rage of a chase.

ment of killers who had missed their prey. A second wolf sprang in, striking Barea treacherously from the flank; and while he was in the snow, his jaws crushing the foreleg of his first foe, the pack was on him on a mance.

Such an attack on the young caribou bull would have meant death in less than a minute. Every fang would have found its hold. Barea, by the fortunate circumstance that he was under his first two assailants and protected by their bodies, was saved from being torn instantly into pieces. He knew that he was fighting for his life. Over him the horde of beasts rolled and twisted and snarled; he felt the burning pain of teeth sinking into his flesh; he was smothered; a hundred knives seemed cutting him into pieces; yet no sound—not a whimper or a cry—came from him now in the horror and hopelessness of it all.

It would have ended in another half-minute had the struggle not been at the very edge of the bank. Under-



Over Went Barea and Half the Pack.

mined by the erosion of the spring floods, a section of the bank suddenly gave way, and with it went Barea and the pack. In a flash Barea thought of the water and the escaping caribou. For a bare instant the cave-in had sent him free of the pack, and in that space he gave a single leap over the gray backs of his enemies into the deep water of the stream. Close behind him half a dozen jaws snapped shut on empty air. As it had saved the caribou, so this strip of water shimmering in the glow of the moon and stars had saved Barea.

The stream was not more than a hundred feet in width, but it cost Barea close to a losing struggle to get across it. Until he dragged himself out on the opposite shore, the extent of his injuries was not impressed upon him fully. One hind leg, for the time, was useless; his forward left shoulder was laid open to the bone; his head and body were torn and cut; and as he dragged himself slowly away from the stream, the trail he left in the snow was a red path of blood. It trickled from his panting jaws, between which his tongue was bleeding; it ran down his legs and flanks and belly, and it dripped from his ears, one of which was slit clean for two inches as though cut with a knife. His instincts were dazed, his perception of things clouded as if by a veil drawn close over his eyes. Half dead, he dragged himself on until by chance he came to a clump of dwarf spruce. Into this he struggled, and then he dropped exhausted.

All that night and until noon the next day Barea lay without moving. The fever burned in his blood; it flamed high and swift toward death; it ebbed slowly, and life conquered. At noon he came forth. He was weak, and he wobbled on his legs. His hind leg still dragged, and he was racked with pain. But it was a splendid day. The sun was warm; the snow was thawing, the sky was like a great blue sea; and the floods of life coursed warmly through Barea's veins. But now, for all time, his desires were changed, and his great quest at an end.

A red ferocity grew in Barea's eyes as he snarled in the direction of last night's fight with the wolves. They were no longer his people. They were no longer of his blood. Never again could the hunt-call lure him or the voice of the pack rouse the old longing. In him there was a thing new-born, an undying hatred for the wolf, a hatred that was to grow in him until it became like a disease in his vitals, a thing ever present and insistent, demanding vengeance on their kind. Last night he had gone to them a comrade. Today he was an outcast. Cut and maimed, bearing with him scars for all time, he had learned his lesson of the wilderness. Tomorrow, and the next day, and for days after that without number, he would remember the lesson well.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

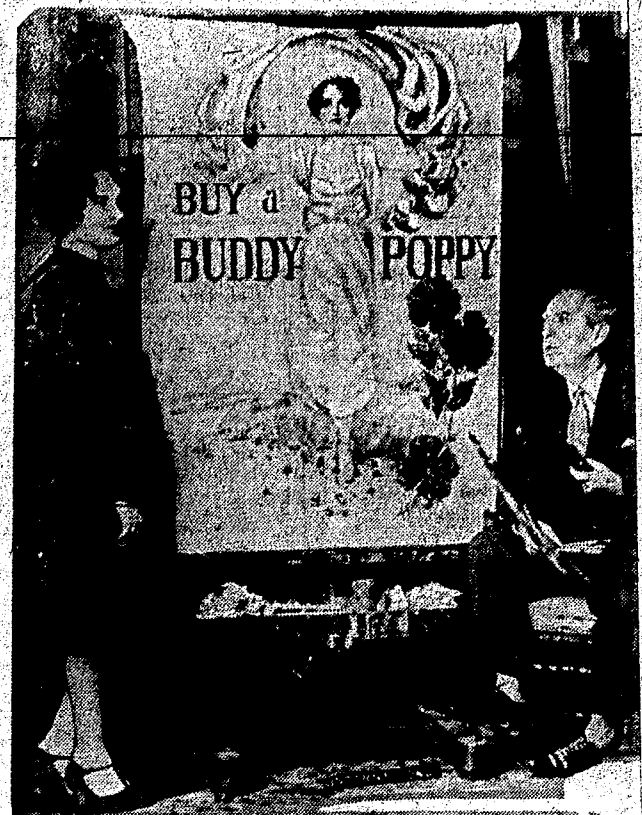
UNCLE HANK



Haint it funny how a woman kin 'corner' a man right in th' middle of a room?

Read the Avalanche, \$2.00 Per Year

Christy's Poster for Poppy Week



Miss Frances Silbergeld of Brooklyn posing for Howard Christy, famous painter, who is also shown completing his poster for Poppy week, which comes the week of Memorial day. The poster is presented by Mr. Christy to the Veterans of Foreign Wars for use in connection with their annual sale of the poppies which are made by disabled ex-service men to raise funds for relief work.



The Call of the Country

Out and away from the humdrum of the ordinary—in your own car—with the blue sky above and a thrilling road ahead! The Middle West has a glamour all its own—the glamour of the unexploited and unspoiled. Marvels of nature—places of romance—beautiful scenery—are waiting for you to find them out.

Not very far from your home you may find them. The short list below is a mere suggestion:

- 1—Sagittaria Cave, Missouri. Contains enough water to make a lake. Its stalagmites and other wonders can be viewed from a boat. Sagittaria State Park is eight miles southeast of Springfield which is on State Highways No. 3 and No. 14.
- 2—Backbone State Park, Delaware County, Iowa. Beautiful Richmond Springs and trout fish hatchery nearby. Near Manchester which is on State Highways No. 5 and No. 13.
- 3—Statue of Sacagawea who helped Lewis and Clark win the race with England for the Oregon country, a more important and romantic figure in our early history than Pocahontas. At Bismarck, North Dakota. State Highways No. 3 and No. 6.
- 4—Galena, Kansas, center of America's greatest Lead-Zinc fields. Itasca Park Highway No. 7 from Pittsburg.
- 5—Tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, with hundreds of souvenirs of his life. The town of Old Salem nearby, preserved as it was when Lincoln lived there. State Highways No. 10 and No. 4.
- 6—Man-shaped Indian mounds. Two miles north of Baraboo, Wisconsin. State Highway No. 13.
- 7—Lake of the Torch, Michigan, named from the habit of the Chippewa Indians of fishing at night by means of birch bark torches. Glorious resort region. State Highway No. 11.
- 8—"Hole Tavern" or "High Street House", an old tavern in New Albany, Indiana, where Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay stopped. State Highways No. 16 and No. 5.
- 9—The Mississippi Valley in Minnesota from the Twin Cities to the Iowa line. High wooded bluffs and beautiful scenery. Good fishing. State Highway No. 3 follows the river all the way.
- 10—Sylvan Lake, more than a mile above sea level, a fairland of unique beauty locked in by granite walls. In the Black Hills of South Dakota. State Highway No. 36.

A trip of exploration will be easy—inexpensive—and joyous! Wherever you go—good roads and Red Crown Gasoline! Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Service Stations will supply the needs of your car wherever you may motor in the Middle West. Start tomorrow!



Buy Red Crown at Any Standard Oil Service Station and at Most Garages

Standard Oil Company

(Indiana) GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

Subscribe for the Avalanche, a Newsy Paper

Jiffy

FOR

Corns



Will take off Corns

We know you will be surprised and justly so, too. We were surprised when we tried them. They positively will take that Corn off. Also JIFFY for Bunions and Callouses. Each 25c.

Absolutely Guaranteed

MAC & GIDLEY

Grayling, Michigan

LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1926

Plan to spend the Fourth of July in Grayling.

John Bruun was in Lansing the first of the week on business. Mrs. Spencer Holst of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCullough.

Try our "Snappy Pack Kits" of ice cream, 45c a quart, 25c a pint.

Grayling Creamery.

One lot of hats, special at \$2.98. Ladies smocks very low, \$1.48. Some new coats. At Frank's.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Landsberg and family are enjoying a couple of weeks visit from their daughter, Mrs. Harry Robinson and daughter Doris of Detroit.

Miss Margarette Jensen of the Salling Hanson Co. offices expects to leave Saturday for Shelbyville, Illinois to enjoy a couple of weeks vacation visiting her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brownell and family left Monday for Lake Leelanau, near Traverse City, where they will make their home. Their friends in this vicinity are sorry to have them leave Grayling, but they are wished much success.

Fresh buttermilk every Tuesday and Friday at Grayling Creamery.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown spent Sunday in Detroit visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Bessie Brown is spending the week in Saginaw visiting her sister, Mrs. Burt Scholz.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nelson and family of Frederic moved to Grayling the first of the week.

Earl Dawson and family have moved from Park street to the R. N. Martin house on Maple street.

Harry Cook of Detroit was in the city the fore part of last week visiting his sister Mrs. William Green.

Leo Morency of Pontiac has returned to Grayling for the summer and is employed as night clerk at the Try It Cafe.

Mrs. Jens Jorgenson of Detroit is spending a few days in Grayling looking after her property and visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Claud Gilson of Woodbury has arrived in Grayling to open her cottage at Lake Margrethe, also enjoying a visit among old friends.

Now is the time to write and invite our friends to spend the Fourth of July with you. The celebration will be one they will long remember.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lagrow enjoyed a visit over Sunday from the H. J. Jacques family and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Graham of Whittemore and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Karr of Lincoln.



Tasty Pastry

We are especially proud of our Pastries. Why? Well, the best way to find out is to try them yourself. They taste just as good as they look.

The Model Bakery

Phone 162

J. L. CASSIDY, Mgr.

The Question:
"WHAT TO GIVE
THE GRADUATE?"

The Answer:
EVERSHARP
and
WAHL PEN

Tools for Success

Practical, beautiful, lasting gifts; sold singly, or in sets; packed in attractive gift boxes. A wide range of styles and prices for all ages of graduates.

We also have many
other appropriate gifts

Carl W. Peterson

Jeweler

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Peterson are visiting relatives in Marquette.

Something new! "Snappy Pack Kits" of ice cream. Per quart, 45c; per pint, 25c. Grayling Creamery.

The regular monthly meeting of the directors of the various lumber companies will be held in Grayling Friday.

Mrs. Adeline Riley of Standish is spending a couple of days visiting her sister, Mrs. Alex Lagrow, enroute to East Jordan.

Two dozen ladies dresses just arrived. Fine silk, crepes. \$15.00 and \$20.00 dresses for \$9.85 to \$14.00. Frank Dreese.

Miss Lillian Mortenson returned Sunday to Flint after spending a week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mortenson of Beaver Creek township.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gothro had as their guests over Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Yeas and niece, Miss Jane Yates of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. VanSchoich of Belleville, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nadeau moved to Saginaw Saturday to visit over Sunday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kessler, who stopped in Midland to visit Mrs. Kessler's sister and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Smith enjoyed a visit over Sunday from Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Smith and sons H. C. and I. M. Smith, and their nephew Kenneth Smith, all of Flint, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and little daughter of Jackson.

Mr. F. H. Burkhardt of Traverse City was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Sheldon, Frederic over Sunday and while there arranged with Mr. Sheldon to superintend one of his big fruit farms at Traverse City this summer.

Don't forget to order that American flag for the Fourth. Orders taken up to June 18th. Help decorate for Independence day with a new flag. \$4.35 installed. See any member of the American Legion, who will be glad to take your order.

Mrs. Alfred E. Underhill of Long Beach, Calif., arrived in Grayling Tuesday afternoon, her brother Frank Tetu meeting her at West Branch and making the remainder of the trip by auto. Mrs. Underhill expects to remain in Grayling for some time visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Bousson and other relatives.

The Woman's club held a tea last week Thursday afternoon at school at the home of Mrs. George McCullough in honor of the teachers who are members of the club and who will not be returning next year. Mrs. McCullough was assisted by Mrs. Paul Hendrie, president of the club, with the serving. The time was spent pleasantly in a social manner.

Owing to the very inclement weather Sunday, there was not a very large turnout for the Oddfellow Memorial exercises. However those who braved the storm were treated to a fine sermon at the Michelson Memorial church, delivered by Rev. Baughn. Instead of marching the members made the trip to the cemeteries in autos to decorate the graves of their deceased members.

Many guests are arriving in Grayling the latter part of the week to be in attendance at the wedding and reception given Saturday evening at Lake Margrethe by Mr. and Mrs. Henry August Bauman, when their daughter Grace Albertine will become the bride of Mr. Walter Henderson Woodson, Jr., of Salisbury, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woodson, president of the groom and sons will arrive Friday afternoon to be in attendance at the wedding.

John H. Cook of Detroit arrived in Grayling Monday and enjoyed a few hours visit with old Grayling friends. Mr. Cook is looking fine and it seemed good to have a warm handshake with him once again. His visit was short, as he left Monday afternoon in company with Rev. and Mrs. Kjolhede for Minneapolis, Minn., to attend the national convention of the Danish Lutheran churches of America, to be held there. Mr. Cook is a delegate from Detroit. Also in the party is Hemming Peterson of Maple Forest.

At the council meeting last Monday night a resolution was passed providing for the construction of a shelter building at the tourist park. This will be 40x32 feet in size and is for the convenience of tourists who may stop at the park. This will make a fine improvement to the place and one that will be greatly appreciated by those who stop there. We hope that some arrangements may also be made for electric lighting of the park. This is a beautiful spot and one that is enjoyed annually by hundreds of people.

County Agent R. D. Bailey weighed out a car of cucumbers, limons for farmers last week at Roscommon, and is weighing out another car at the same place this week. He reports that a considerable number of farmers are showing interest in securing lime this fall instead of waiting for the rush next spring. Lime secured this fall will be applied at the rate of two to three tons per acre to summer fallow, corn stubble or ground from which potatoes have just been removed. A quiet campaign of soil testing and securing subscriptions for cars of lime for fall application will be carried on this summer by Mr. Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph are enjoying a visit from an uncle and aunt of Mrs. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sorenson who arrived last Friday from Syn, Denmark. Also Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peterson of Marquette, who were former residents of Grayling are guests in the Randolph home. The visit of the Sorensons is a treat to Mrs. Randolph as she was brought up in their home when a girl, she leaving for America twenty years ago which was the last time she had seen them. This is their first visit to America and they are most enthusiastic about the country. They expect to remain until sometime in July. The Petersons are also visiting among old Grayling friends, they having resided here for so many years.

This is to notify the members of Grayling Chapter of the Izaak Walton League that their subscription to the magazine expired the first of June, and also their membership dues. Please send in your check for dues, \$3.00. The officers will be pleased to receive it at once.

P. G. Zalsman, Pres.

Plan to spend your 4th of July in Grayling.

Boys' sailor suits, long pants, 98c. Boys' flapper suits, 98c. Frank Dreese.

During the summer you may get fresh buttermilk at the Grayling Creamery every Tuesday and Friday.

Come in and see our new sport blazers in crash, silk and corduroy, fancy knit bands. At Frank's.

Miss Michelyn Ambroski was in Grayling over the week end visiting her sister Miss Angela, enroute to Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sheldon and family of Frederic are visiting relatives in Otsego, Michigan for a few days.

Genuine congoletum first quality bordered rugs. Your choice of twelve patterns, 9X12, at \$14.95. Sorenson Bros.

The St. Mary's Altar Society will meet next week Thursday with Mrs. Thos. Cassidy at the annex. Mrs. Earl Hewitt will assist in entertaining.

Miss Ona Lozon, who is employed in Detroit, is visiting Miss Francella Felling, having also visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Lozon of Maple Forest.

Grayling Electric Co. now handles three of the world's leading washing machines. The EASY, the MAYTAG and the AUTOMATIC. Come in and see these machines.

Herman W. Kays of the secret service division of the department of Public Safety, Lansing, who was here the first part of the week, states that the Ingram house fire that Mr. Ingram has confessed that he set, had there been a north wind that night that there is little doubt but that the Al Roberts house and also the flooring mill would have been swept away by the fire also. He says that he considers a man who would set fire to his own property to get insurance money is worse than a holdup man, and is one of the worst kind of criminals. He says that he feels certain that Ingram has been slipping along in a criminal way just keeping out of trouble for some time. His investigation while in the city, he says, has revealed many things about the man that are undesirable.

Julius Jensen, senior deacon of Grayling lodge No. 356, who, with his family, is moving to Milford, Mich., was given a farewell smoker at the lodge rooms Saturday night. There were about twenty of his friends present for the occasion and a pleasant evening was spent. A luncheon was served in the banquet room at which time a number of brief talks were given, all extending to Mr. Jensen best wishes and good luck in his new field of work. On behalf of the lodge R. D. Connine presented the honored guest with a handsome Masonic ring. Mr. Jensen has been an active member of the lodge and in another year would no doubt have been elected to the highest honor that lodge may confer—that of worshipful master. While serving as senior deacon he received the high compliment of Grand Lecturer Gilbert when he stated that he did the work as well as he had ever seen it done. Mr. Jensen will be employed in an industry manufacturing auto valves, where he has been assured steady employment. He left Sunday morning for that city, carrying with him the best wishes of many friends.

The T-Shop at Collens' Inn at Lake Margrethe, will serve special dinners each Sunday during the season, beginning next Sunday, June 6, from 12:30 to 2:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. A. M. Lewis.

Mrs. Geo. M. Collen.

(Additional locals on last page)

The recent epidemic of flu and grippe with headaches and dizziness usually leave the eyes weak. Let me examine them at the Shoppemagon Inn, Tuesday, June 15. Dr. A. S. Alford, optometrist. Prices reasonable.

Rastus: "Lookie heah, Sambo, how you come to teach yo' mule all dem tricks? I can't teach mah mule nothin'!"

Sambo: "Dat's easy. Yo has to know mo' dan de mule."—Boys' Life.

FRANK'S POEM

Frank Dreese has this day
Been opening goods both fresh and gay;
He has received nearly every kind,
That you in any store can find.
And as I purchase by the bale,
I am determined to retail
For ready pay a little lower
Than ever has been had before.

I with my brethren mean to live;
But as for credit shall not give.

I would not live to rouse your passion,
For credit here is out of fashion,
My friends and buyers one and all,
It will pay you well to give a call.
You always may find me by my sign,
A few rods from the house Divine.

With my brethren mean to live;
But as for credit shall not give.

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Gifts for the Graduate

Quality Merchandise from the Quality Store

Silk Hose

\$1.00 to \$1.95

Silk Underwear

Vests, Step-ins, Bloomers
Slips and Teddies.

Silk Scarfs

\$1.25 to \$3.50

Hat Cases

\$5.00 to \$6.50

Trunks

Wheary Wardrobe Trunks,
Suit Cases and Traveling
Bags.

Purses and Bags

\$2.95 \$3.95

Silk Ties

\$1.00 \$1.50

Dress Shirts

\$1.25 to \$3.75

Silk Hose—50c and 75c

Sweaters

Slip-over Sweaters, fancy patterns

\$2.98 to \$5.00

Dress Oxfords

\$4.00 to \$10.00

Suits and Top Coats

Young Men's Suits \$20.00 & up
and Top Coats.

Caps, Straw & Felt Hats

Grayling Mercantile Co.

The Quality Store

Grayling, Michigan

Phone 1251

FREDERIC

Mrs. Emma Siewell and daughter Loe and Mrs. Hartman and children of Detroit were here last week looking after their interest in real estate. Max Tobin entertained Professor Robinson of Mt. Pleasant who was here to make the address to the graduating class this year.

The Frank Borroff family have moved to the woodcutters camp.

Wm. Apps and family are moving to Higgins Lake where she will work at Samona lodge for Mr. Lippard and the men on the highway.

Mr. Crandall has taken to farming, having rented the Jake Kerns farm.

Verl Sheldon makes a very efficient usher as he served in that capacity at the commencement exercises.

Mrs. Ray Hopkins and children of Pontiac are visiting her mother, Mrs. Batterson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Horton and boys of Pontiac were callers here last week.

Gertrude Lapham has gone to Saginaw.

The Albert Nelson family are moving to Grayling. Mrs. Nelson is nursing Mrs. Ralph Hanna.

E. McCracken and Jay VanValkenburg who were unable to secure work here have both gone to work at Ed. Feldhauser's and Douglas mill camp near Lewistown.

John Parsons had a very narrow escape from fire when smoke was seen emerging from under his warehouse building. It was noticed just in time to save the whole block.

Notable visitors at Frederic from outside were Mrs. Frank Sales, Mrs. Laura Wallace and others from the county seat who were up last Thursday evening.

Vern Wallace, wife and daughter and sister Mabel Quick and daughter Jane are all here from Detroit at the Wallace home.

Agent Gunther of Johannesburg now occupies Mrs. E. Siewell's house.

Miss Evelyn Dormire is visiting at Escanaba with her Grandpa North.

Mrs. Jay Odell was called to Midland last week by the death of her sister.

Miss Ethel Wixson has returned from her visit at Flint.

Miss Merle Patterson has returned from Bay City.

Will Thayer and family have sold their toms and cows and moved to Tawas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Higgins drove up from Lansing to visit over Sunday with the former's parents.

Mrs. Charles Cressey was a week end visitor of Mrs. Fisher.

Mr. Norman Fisher entertained his nephew and Mr. Doyle of Ohio over Sunday. Fishing was not good.

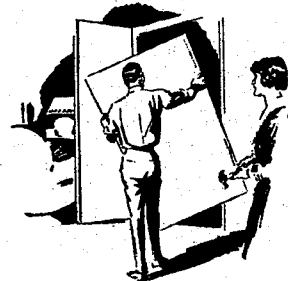
Amengo Edmonds of Prudenville, an old time commercial hotel keeper was here last week taking in our good fishing.

Mrs. J. J. Higgins who has been an invalid all winter is able to be out again. Also Mrs. Herb Dodge who has been under the doctor's care is able to be about.

Mrs. James Patterson who has been confined to the house for one year and a half is able to be out once days for a ride in the auto.

Robert Leng's sister from York state is here to visit him. Mr. Leng is no better, having been confined to his bed since last October.

Frank Monroe's family moved this week to Costy, Mecosta county.



Need bins or partitions?

Make them with Cornell

YOU can handle Cornell-Wood-Board so easily; you can do and make so many useful things with it for your house, barn, or garage that you'll find it a good idea to keep a few panels on hand for these various jobs.

Cornell
Wood-Board

is made to give you lasting satisfaction. It is all wood; triple-sized to resist heat, cold, moisture. Both surfaces are mill-primed for paint; or the popular oatmeal-finish looks well as it is. We recommend Cornell as the ideal utility material for around the home. We have it for you in convenient sizes.

"165 Uses for Cornell-Wood-Board" is a booklet telling how you can make many useful things for the home. You can have it for the asking. Phone, write or call for it.

Sorenson Bros.

HOME OF DEPENDABLE FURNITURE



WE ARE AGENTS FOR

HARCOURT & Co.

INCORPORATED

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE LEADING STATIONERS AND MANUFACTURING ENGRAVERS

ORDERS FOR

ENGRAVED CARDS, INVITATIONS, PERSONAL AND BUSINESS STATIONERY, ETC. May be left with us with the assurance that the work when completed will mark the user as a "Cover" and meet every requirement of the most discriminating taste.

THE CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

PRINTING and ADVERTISING. GRAYLING, MICH.



Vaporizes where other
gasolines only atomize.

The object of atomization in the carburetor is to secure quick and complete vaporization in the manifold.

Because of its higher volatility and freedom from heavy ends, the new and better Texaco becomes a perfect mixture of vapor and air at a much lower temperature than gasolines that are not so volatile, and which contain heavy ends.

It is a dry gas instead of a wet gas.

Because of its complete vaporization the new Texaco forms a dry gas in the manifold.

The liquid drops separate from the mixture in pockets at every bend of the manifold. That is why, with ordinary gasoline, the spark plugs of the end cylinders are more frequently fouled than the others.

The dry Texaco mixture provides an even flow of fuel and power to each and every cylinder.

Burke Oil Co.

Service Stations—Norway and Cedar Sts.

Local News

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1926

Mrs. Agnes Bissonette of Flint is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul LaBrash.

Mrs. Rose Balhoff has returned to Grayling after having spent the winter in Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit.

Henry Bousson, lumber inspector for Salling Hanson Company, who has been ill, is able to be up and around his home.

"Bill" Powell is off the stage for the season and has arrived at Lake Margrethe and opened his cottage for the summer.

George Schaible is driving a new Studebaker sedan. Also Fred Lamm has purchased a new Studebaker and will go after it next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Trudo and daughter Miss Beatrice left Sunday for Caro, where they will visit among relatives indefinitely. They have had their household furniture packed and crated preparatory to ship, when they decide where they will take up their residence. Their many Grayling friends wish them much success wherever they may locate.

Claud Gilson of Woodbury was in Grayling on business Saturday.

Harry E. Simpson, who is in the garage business in Monroe, is in Grayling this week on business, and incidentally visiting old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Hunsen of Detroit were in Grayling Tuesday in attendance at the funeral of the former's cousin, William Hemmingson.

Fred Edwards, who is employed in Flint was in Grayling for a couple of days visiting his mother, Mrs. Nellie Edwards. He came to attend the funeral of his uncle, William Hemmingson.

Mr. Taxpayer: The Township Board of Review will meet in the town hall next Monday and Tuesday, June 14th and 15th. If you want to know about your taxes, then is the proper and about the only time for you to find out. Make your protest at that time if you have any to make.

The art and domestic art departments of the Grayling schools will hold an exhibit on Thursday evening, June 17 in the balcony of the gymnasium at the school building, following the Class day program that will take place on that evening. The exhibit will consist of the various articles made in these departments during the year and the public is cordially invited to inspect the work at this time. Miss Ruth Leonard is in charge of this department in our schools.

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Horse-and-Buggy Pavements Won't Do

Property owners in many towns and cities whose streets swarm with motor traffic are still wasting their money on horse-and-buggy "pavements" of bygone days.

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Michigan Happenings

A federal hardwood experiment station is to be established on a tract of virgin hardwood timber in Marquette county, it has been announced by the state conservation department. The tract also probably will be used as a laboratory for elementary students in forestry from Marquette normal. It is planned, when the experimental station gets under way, to produce hardwood seedlings for distribution in Michigan. The state will erect the necessary building, and the federal government will support the station.

The recent announcement by officers of the General Motors Corporation of their intention to build a new \$5,000,000 plant for the manufacture of Pontiac sixes was one of the biggest industrial surprises Pontiac has ever enjoyed. It came out of a clear sky and was known in advance to few persons outside of Oakland officials. "The new plant will be built just outside the north limits of Pontiac, and will employ, it is estimated, about 3,500 men.

The medical societies of Jackson and Washtenaw counties will join in an open air meeting at the Sylvan Estate Country club, east of Grass Lake, Thursday, June 24. It was decided at a meeting of committees from the two organizations. It is planned to make the affair an annual one. A golf tournament, quilts and indoor baseball will be sports for the outing. After dinner each society will be expected to offer two entertainment features.

A demand for an accounting and re-payment of upwards of \$1,000,000 alleged to have been obtained by misrepresentation in the financing of the Fallon Coal Mines Co., is made in a suit filed at Bay City by 166 plaintiffs against the promoters of the coal company. The plaintiffs chiefly are farmers and business men of Bay City, Saginaw, Tuscola and Midland counties with a few scattered through sections of the State. Several live in Detroit.

Encouraged by the co-operation given by manufacturers and municipalities in clearing streams of pollution in Southern Michigan, the State Department of Conservation, the Department of Health and the Attorney-General's office will hold a series of meetings in the Upper Peninsula beginning July 13 to request the same co-operation in stream pollution work in that section.

At the request of Representative Cramton, an investigation was recently made in regard to a star mail route from Imlay City to Cass City and as a result an order has been issued by the postoffice department, effective June 14, changing the service on this route so as to supply the postoffice at Wilmet and Deford and to include also supply of the postoffices at Lum and Kings Mill.

Immediate start on the \$308,000 paving program which will result in the improvement this year of practically every street in Wayne has been announced by the commission of that village. The final action necessary to clear the way for the paving project was taken when the sale of the bond issue was placed with a Detroit concern.

The thirty-third annual convention of Michigan grand council, United Commercial Travelers of America, opened June 3, at Lansing, with headquarters in the new Hotel Olds. Grand Rapids looms as the probable meeting place of the Travelers next year. Saul Ste. Marie also is making an effort to land the convention.

A closed season on partridge until 1927 in the Upper Peninsula has been declared by the State Conservation Commission. The commission has also directed that the bass season, which opens elsewhere in the State June 16, shall remain closed in the Upper Peninsula until July 16.

The Grand Rapids Railway company announces that insurance policies have been obtained by the company for its employees. The policies range from \$500 for those in service more than a year and less than 10 years, to \$1,500 for those in the company's employ 11 years or more.

A 125-pound sturgeon, the largest caught there in recent years, was brought into St. Joseph on a fishing boat, by F. J. Mollhagen, veteran fisherman. The sturgeon was taken in Whitefish pond near about a mile south of St. Joseph, near the shore of Lake Michigan.

The first move to build two bridges over the Clinton River near Mt. Clemens was taken there when Clinton Township voted three to one to annex two plots of ground adjoining the river at the French Claims road and the proposed crossing of the new Groesbeck highway. The bridges will open the two major highways northward from Mt. Clemens. Both projects are included in the super highway plan of Wayne and Macomb counties.

Crawford Avalanche

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With enrollment already started, and 550 courses offered, plans for the thirty-third annual summer session of the University of Michigan have been announced. Sixty special lectures and excursions will also be held during the summer months for the benefit of the students. The summer session begins June 15 for the law school, and June 21 for the other schools and colleges.

The Rev. Julia N. Budlong, 31 years old, formerly pastor of the Peoples Church at Kalamazoo, was married to Paul Vele, New York and San Francisco actor and playwright, May 24, at Berkeley, Calif., friends have been informed. Installed as pastor of the age of 24, Miss Budlong was the youngest minister ever to occupy the pulpit of one of Kalamazoo's largest churches.

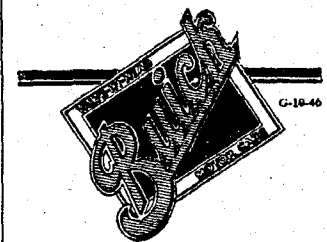
Peter Speyer, 41 years old, manager of an exclusive woman's shop at Kalamazoo, was accidentally drowned while taking a bath in his apartment, according to the Kalamazoo police, who have rejected early theories of foul play. Police believe he was overcome while bathing by the effects of medicine he had taken and the warmth of the water.

Matt Boudin, 25 years old, a "fire eater" who was performing at the Flint Amusement Park, is in a hospital there with burns about his face received when a strong wind blew some burning gasoline into his face after he had blown the liquid onto a lighted torch to exhibit his fire-eating ability. Hospital attaches said his burns were not serious.

The department of state has placed an order for 1,100,000 automobile plates for 1927. The plates next year will have an orange background and black letters and numerals. Michigan will be spelled out instead of abbreviated. The plates will be manufactured at Jackson prison and delivery will be made November 15.

Henry Niemanh, 94 years old, who was the oldest Civil war veteran in Ypsilanti, is dead. Niemann leaves one son, Henry, of Ann Arbor, and two daughters, Mrs. Perry Banghart, of Alma, and Mrs. Fred Gotts, of Ypsilanti.

Michael Barta, Frank Barta, his son, and Miss Rose Rizer, fiancée of the younger Barta, all of Detroit, were drowned Memorial day when the boat from which they were fishing collapsed in Edison Lake, near Belleville. According to witnesses, the three were fishing from the boat, which was of a collapsible steel type, when the fastener designed to hold it rigid became loose, the craft crumpling and throwing the three into the water. Efforts to rescue them were futile.



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TO HOLD FARM DAY AT M. S. C., JULY 30

Plan New Features for Annual Summer Conference—Eight Thousand and Gathered Last Year

East Lansing, June 9—The annual summer Farmers' day at Michigan State College will be held on Friday, July 30, this year, and plans are being completed at East Lansing for the entertainment of one of the largest agricultural meetings in the history of the state.

Since the start of the Farmers' day meetings in 1918, this combined summer conference and picnic has grown so rapidly that it has become the outstanding meeting of its kind in the state. In 1925, in spite of a steady rain which fell most of the day, actual count at the gates showed more than 8,000 farmers and their families checked in for the day.

With good weather, it is predicted at the college that this figure will be surpassed on July 30. Most of the old features of the Farmers' day program are to be retained this year, with the addition of new entertainment stunts. Inspection of the extensive college experimental plots and field visits to the livestock herds and orchards, and informal conference with agricultural specialists will occupy the morning. A big general meeting, with one or two nationally known speakers and a band concert will be held in the afternoon.

Details of the entertainment side of the program will be announced later, according to Dean R. S. Shaw, chairman of the Farmers' day committee.

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